562 /445 cont./
881 without the cutting of the hair, however. At the following men-
*[192] struation, Məhẽka-nĩsé, the practices of the puberty initiation are done again. This time, however, there is no segregation of the young woman, and all the acts take place with more solemnity, in view of everybody.

c) Nomenclature of kinship and of affinity.

1) Kinship.

611 Among the tribes of the Uaupés it is generation /Port. geração,
[601] generation, procreation, descent/ that establishes true kinship. They recognize it not only between ancestors (nõx-kãkõra, grandparents) and descendants (marĩ-bero-maxsã), but also in the collateral line. And kinship imposes two very grave obligations, that is, that of defense (vengeance) and that of matrimonial interdiction.

602 The components of the same tribe, although born and living
619 in different malocas or povoados, are considered axkawerẽra (86),
[601]
[178]

> 86. The term axkawerẽra is beginning to be extended also to the individuals of another tribe connected by ties of affinity and of blood.

a term translated by those who speak Portuguese by "parentes" /relatives/ and sometimes also by "irmãos" /brothers/. For this reason we are of the opinion (VIII-2, a) that initially the local group coincided with the family.

*192 Those of another tribe, even those connected by some degree
• 609 of affinity, or consanguinity, and also the civilized are all axpẽra (87),

> 87. Axpẽra, properly speaking, is the plural of the pronoun and adjective axpĩ (masculine) and axpego, feminine, other.

that is strangers, foreigners.

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under his battered trilby and the groundsheets, while Brian dived beneath the tarpaulin and spent the night stretched over tins and kitbags.

The New Year came in with more rain. For all the discomfort it brought we could only look upon such deluges as a sign of good fortune; they were early this year, the rivers would now be higher and our descent easier. So we started on our journey downstream. *El Diablo*, lumbering along like a loaded ark, was stopped by every snag and log. She took days to cover the same distance as the slim canoes of the Indians, when they later travelled back up the river in a matter of hours to pick up the fuel drums we had had to leave behind on the portage.

One day canoes appeared gliding towards us, both loaded down with large wicker baskets of *farinha* and paddled by two men in loincloths. Strings of minute white beads were around their necks and black berry bracelets around each arm. An old man, his wizened face eyeing us suspiciously, was sitting in the bows of the first canoe.

This was our first real contact with the Indians of the Piraparaná. Their immediate reaction was not one of fear, but rather, like our own, of enquiry and interest. They said nothing until José hailed them in their own dialect. There ensued a long, almost formal exchange of greetings which we were to hear many times when travelling through their territory. Before they left we asked them to carry a message for Nestor – in case they should meet him, for they were travelling to the Río Ti.

Much depended on our guide José. That he had been with Padre Elorza was not necessarily to our advantage, for in the first place we could not be sure what effect the first contact with Catholicism had had on the Indians of the Piraparaná, nor did we know what instructions José had been given by the padres. We had to depend on him entirely both for our own safety when travelling downstream and for the information we were to get. He was not a very pleasant or easy character. From the outset he had always wanted to have his own way and if this was not granted then he became moody and unco-operative. We could never be certain what he would do next and after his attempt at desertion we could not trust him. However he worked very hard and showed remarkable common sense, and without him we would never have got through the rapids ahead of us.

His experience with white men had not only come from the Mission. Some five years previously a *cauchero* had come to his river home close to the Brazilian frontier. He had taken six boys away with him to work the wild rubber trees and one of them was José. Later he had escaped from the *cauchero*, but during those four years he had learnt how to operate an outboard motor, to handle money and had even been in an aeroplane. He had come under the Mission's wing only recently, and it may have been this combination of experiences that had complicated his character. He no longer possessed the Indian's direct simplicity.

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4

The Forest Addicts

141 The Tukano are small: a man rarely exceeds five foot six and the women are
164 often no more than four foot ten inches. To see a cripple or deformed person
291 is unusual. They are healthy and immensely strong. A man wears no more
301 than his loincloth, today cut from a piece of trade cotton but formerly a strip of beaten barkcloth. Around his neck are three or four coils of minute white porcelain beads, which are among the most valued objects of exchange; a tight string of black berries is strung on *cumare* palm fibre above each elbow. The ears are often pierced with a short cane jutting out from the lobe; sometimes a feather is put into the cane, or a flower replaces the earplug. With their short, cropped hair and well-proportioned bodies they stand out as strong figures, beautifully adapted to the forests in which they live.

481 Their gait is jerky rather than slow and relaxed, indeed they almost run;
147 whether the Indian is out hunting or carrying heavy loads he always moves in the same way. We could only look on amazed as our fifteen-gallon fuel drums were carried for two- or three-hour stretches with no apparent difficulty. They only showed any signs of wilting in strong sunlight; an Indian would rather travel by night than on an open river in the midday sun; his
302 home is in the cool forest or under the dark eaves of the *maloca*. His face
411 painted red with *karayuru*, a bow and a quiver of curare-tipped arrows in his
609 hand, he has little sympathy for strangers and would rather remain undisturbed. It is therefore not surprising that the Indian's face tells you little.
152 When he stares at you with his black eyes, it is as though you were peering into the cold unknown, and there is little warmth in his expression. We very seldom noticed any demonstration of affection among the older people. Husband
593 and wife live together rather as a matter of arrangement than through love,
85 and tenderness was only shown to the younger children. The old people,
888 once unfit to go out hunting or to work in the plantation, may be neglected in times of shortage and even left to die. They are no longer of any use to the society, so it is best they go; for theirs is a harsh world where only the fittest can survive.

576 Although the Tukano seem outwardly reserved, lacking in affection and often proud, they are invariably very courteous. Their greetings are formal – just as we shake hands they always exchange a lengthy stream of words. It is

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533 panpipes and the whistling jars of the Andes. Since the time of the Conquest
534 European music and more particularly African music has had an increasing
171 influence on the conservative Indian. The Noanamá and the highlanders showed signs of this influence, though the Tukano were still free of it. In some cases the instrument had been adopted and was played in the Indian idiom. The Noanamá had a type of drum probably copied from their negro neighbours, but they still played their own halting rhythms. The Motilon had a musical bow, but its use was entirely Indian in conception.

In the Sierra-Nevada we found a direct clash of musical idioms, in the *chicote* and *gaita* played by the Indian-creole inhabitants. Perhaps in this are the seeds of a new music combining the atonal, remote and sad Indian music with the gay, sophisticated, ebullient harmonies of the negro-creole. Perhaps the folk music of Colombia as a whole, from the Spanish mountain songs to the negro rhythms of the coast, is a manifestation of a Euro-Afro-Indian music evolving like the arts and the people themselves into a new wholly South American dimension.

171 Such are the idle thoughts of travellers written in retrospect. But of all our
• 609 memories – Kogi temples, Noanamá children paddling to their stilted houses in a Pacific sunset, a Tukano *maloca* at dawn with the steam rising off the night-wetted thatch – the one that will remain longest will be that of the Indian himself, whether a Kogi regarding us with the scorn of a man who knows himself to be a superior being, or a Tukano who never looks *at* you, rather into you with a strange trustful-untrusting eye, as if to try and penetrate your innermost thoughts.

000 Walk with him long enough in the forest and you too will learn to see the track of a tapir; to tell if it was running by the depth of the spoor; to tell if it was wounded by the clot of blood beside the path; even to tell the time when it passed, by the dryness of an upturned leaf, the only one on a shower-soaked forest floor. Perhaps if you could speak his language he would teach you how to walk through the forest for days and never lose your way, to use a bow and arrow, to kill a parrot with one dart from your blowpipe. You might even come to accept the forest for what it is. You would become part of it and it would be the only world you knew...

If you ever reached that stage, then you would be like an Indian. Then you would understand the shock of civilization. It would be like going for a very long holiday in a remote countryside, perhaps the Outer Hebrides, never seeing another soul, and then returning to the heart of a city. Only it would be a hundred times worse.

You would take cocaine because to you it would be perfectly natural. Your father took it and his father before him. You were told as a child that you could not live without it when in the late summer, at the end of the dry season, you had to travel great distances to find deer at the water holes.